THE PORT FOLIO
ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.] [No. 42.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23d, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS
IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CONTINUATION OF PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER IX.

Sugar maple-tree—Short account of the soil in the several states—Coffee-tree—Cotton plant—Wild rice—Rivers—Fish.

The culture of the sugar maple tree ought to have been pursued with more attention. It grows properly in great quantities, first, westward of the Allegany, and in the Genessee district. But it is found also frequently in some of the vallies not far from that mountain, particularly in Penn's-valley, and Sugar-valley. Where it is not already, the farmers should plant it, as Mr. Jefferson proposes in his book. This tree should be transplanted into Europe; for although sugar can be made from the European maple tree, it yields but little, and after several tappings is drained. Tapping produces a directly contrary effect upon the American maple. To bring this branch of manufacture to its highest perfection in the American states, the most useful measure would be to increase the impost upon West-India sugar. An entire prohibition of that article, would be still better calculated to answer this purpose. The balance of trade with the West-Indies would then be still more advantageous to America. But the speculators, who care nothing about the advantage of the country, would raise an outcry of oppression, and they will never allow the sugar-manufacture to thrive in any high degree. The people in the western states, will, however, be obliged to make their own sugar, that which is imported from abroad being by the length of the necessary transportation over land, rendered too dear for them.

The Atlantic Americans, will finally be obliged to resolve upon the cultivation of silk and wine, because the fertility of their land, in the production of grain in general, rapidly declines, after the new ground has yielded a few good crops, and because the greatest part of the surface inhabited by them, is either altogether bad, or at best has a very indifferent soil. In all New-England, excepting westward of Connecticut river, and through the whole northern parts, where there is some better land, than in Pennsylvania, though only along the large rivers and in smaller quantities, no wheat can be raised. All is rock and gravel. On Connecticut river there lays some good land, but the valley is quite small. The state of New-York is almost entirely rocky, the Genessee country and generally the neighbourhood of lake Ontario excepted, which is very fertile but pestilentially unhealthy. The Mohawk flows through a fruitful but small valley. More than half New-Jersey is a barren sand-hill, without sufficient water. On the Rariton, there is a small strip of fertile land. The hilly regions to the Blue Mountain have a tolerable soil, excepting where there are too many arid gravelly hills. This moderately good soil, does not, however, constitute a third part of the state. Among the Atlantic States, Pennsylvania has the greatest proportion of good land. Whoever has seen Pennsylvania has at this time seen the best part of North-America. But there are great quantities of sandy loam mixed with gravel, and it may be assumed for a certainty, that one third part of this state, owing to the numerous barren mountains, can never be cultivated, and that the greatest part of the remainder is very indifferent land, which the farmers further ruin by manuring it with plaster of Paris. The soil is somewhat better for grass, on account of the abundant moisture combined with heat: but when the trees shall be extirpated, the moisture will also decline. Yet, with all their pains, with all their watering and manuring, the land in their meadows produces not more hay, than in those parts of Germany, where the soil is tolerable.

The fertility of the western country is indeed much greater. The Ohio particularly, the Po of the new world, which with improved cultivation, will bear an extraordinary resemblance to Lombardy. Nothing can be objected against the beauty of the whole western territory. It may be mentioned as a characteristic feature of that country, that even in cold climates, it brings forth the productions of the south, or at least substitutes for them. Sugar, I have already mentioned. In the northern and coldest parts of this country, a sort of wild rice grows in its waters. It produces a species of the coffee-tree; of the cotton plant, &c. All these it would be proper to transplant into the north of Europe. The wild vine is said to produce a much finer grape there, than in the Atlantic states. Fruit and vegetables thrive there much better. These last are indeed much worse in the Atlantic states than in Germany, and in general the gardening is in its infancy. The Dutch colonists, in New-York, have, however, done some service in this particular. The healthiness of this western territory is yet very problematical, fine as the country may be in other respects; at least the latest accounts are, upon this point, very unfavourable; and it may generally still remain a question, whether this boasted country can be set by the side of Italy, Greece, or other fair portions of our hemisphere.

All the southern Atlantic states, Maryland included, have a very miserable sandy soil. The violent heat of the sun, and the moisture, are alone competent to produce any thing here. But they likewise produce fevers, which prevail here every year, and frequently, only cease to make way for the dropsy. What can there be found attractive, in a sandy plain, interspersed with marshes, covered with pine forests, and inhabited by tar-burners? The Virginian tobacco grows along the rivers, where a small piece of ground fit for planting is to be found, which is carefully raked, round the tobacco plants. The dreadful heat makes rice and indigo thrive in South-Carolina and Georgia. Shocking as those countries are, therefore, they are of the greatest value to the United States, for these always important articles of exportation. They alone can maintain the credit of the United States in Europe, in some sort independently of circumstances. These southern countries are uncommonly well provided with serpents of all kinds, whereas in my frequent journeys on foot and shooting parties in Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New-Jersey, I scarcely ever met with one. The western mountainous parts of these southern states, contain, indeed, some fruitful vallies, but a great proportion of the surface consists of stony hills, which will never be susceptible of cultivation.

The puny trees in Pennsylvania, which are so slender, that to a newly arrived European they have the appearance of growing wood, furnish one, among many other proofs of the wretchedness of the soil. Most of the trees are not much thicker than a man's arm, and very few of them are twelve inches in diameter. They appear very despicable to a person who has seen the noble oaks on the banks of the Elbe.

The American forest trees are, however, very handsome, but they are already known in Germany. Among the handsomest may be reckoned the plane and locust trees. They are tall enough, but the thinness of the bed of earth, which covers the rocks under the soil through the whole country, and which is only a foot deep, or not so much, prevents them from attaining a greater thickness.

America has hitherto been cried up for its beautiful rivers; but I should be glad to know, which of those can be compared with the Rhine, for the beauty either of its banks, or of the river itself. The coast of the United States is as extensive as the distance between Lisbon and Riga. Between those two places in Europe, there are more large rivers, which pour themselves into the sea, than upon the coast of the United States. Excepting the Connecticut, Hudson's, and Delaware rivers, all the rest in America, are far inferior to the Dwina, the Vistula, the Elbe, the Rhine, the Seine, the Garonne, the Tagus, &c. most of them even in the length of their course. They are, on account of their falls, not navigable so far inland as those European rivers, except, when very much swollen. When they have a majestic appearance, owing to their width, like the Susquehannah. They are usually not deep, and at low water are fordable. I do not see, therefore, how, in travelling through the United States, it is possible to think, Nature, with her mean rivers, paltry trees, and small hills, more grand and sublime, than in Europe with her great rivers, majestic oaks, and mountains tending to the skies. It will be understood, of course, that I speak only of the Atlantic United States, and not of South-America, nor of the Missisippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, &c. There is, however, in the United States, owing to the numerous rivers and brooks, more water, than upon an equal extent of country in Europe.

The banks of the Connecticut river are well cultivated; those of the Delaware, especially in the neighbourhood of Wilmington, give an advantageous idea of North-America, to a new comer; those of Hudson's river, are, indeed, in some places, romantic, but barren.

These rivers are not supplied either with such a variety of fish, nor with so good ones, as those of Europe. A sort of alosa, called shad, which is really excellent, comes every spring into the rivers, though not further northward than Hudson's river, and is caught in great quantities. But on the other hand, salmon, though not of so good a quality as the salmon of the Rhine and Elbe, are caught to

the north ward of the Hudson. The stock-fish is peculiar to the American waters, and is very good. There are, in the Susquehannah, good salmon-trout, and carp, so called, which cannot, however, be compared with those of Europe. There is no American fish comparable to several sorts of fish, peculiar, as I believe, to the Elbe and the Weser. The oysters are very large, but not so well tasted as those of Europe.

(To be Continued.)

POLITICS.

[The following extract from the sensible speech of the Governor of Connecticut, will please and convince every discerning politician, and every manly mind. It is entitled to the highest approbation. It declares nothing but the truth, respecting that faction, which has usurped the power of France; and, in its remarks upon the visions of *Philosophers*, it more than obliquely censures the mad schemes of some of our American statesmen, who are trying injurious *experiments* upon the country, and who audaciously would treat man, as a Priestly would a mouse, in his exhausted receiver.]

When we reflect on the situation of most parts of the world at the present day, disturbed with political agitations, and perplexed with revolutionary pursuits; and compare them with the circumstances of our own state—enjoying a like measure of tranquil and general happiness as heretofore experienced, our hearts should expand with gratitude to the Divine Author of all mercies, who gives us this continuance of his favour.

If we turn our eyes to Europe, there amidst scenes of trouble and distress, we behold a nation which has been tossed on the tumultuous ocean of revolution for more than ten years past—violently agitated during that period, with the conflicts of contending passions, in pursuit of imaginary and delusive ideas of liberty and equality, and which after suffering almost every species of calamity in their wild career, are now under the influence and policy of a fortunate leader, just returning to the point from whence they started: with this exception, that instead of rallying under their ancient Royal Family, they seem disposed to form a new Dynasty, under a foreign Head. To the civilized world, the course of events which in this period has been exhibited by that nation, is peculiarly interesting and instructive; more especially to surrounding nations, does this result of their pursuits, present a serious and impressive lesson of instruction against plunging inconsiderately into the vortex of revolutionary practices, or being deluded into vain and philosophical reveries of untried forms of government.

With this recent example before our eyes, in addition to the numerous instances recorded in history, of similar issues to revolutionary pursuits—the people of this state may be taught the expediency and necessity of adhering with firmness and stability to their ancient habits of political government and religious institutions, as the surest means of social happiness and general prosperity. They may also learn to venerate the long tried forms of civil regulations, which have been wisely devised by our revered ancestors, and which have hitherto beneficially continued in practice by successive generations. They will moreover be led seriously to reflect how dangerous the attempt is whenever, and by whomsoever proposed, to put to hazard the existing prosperity and happiness of the great community, for the uncertain pursuit of visionary scenes of greater happiness, however decorated by specious recommendations, which will most probably fail them in the grasp, or flit before them like the passing dream of the night.—And may they always bear in mind, that lessons of practical good sense, as applied to governmental administration, are immensely more useful to the world, than all the fine-spun theories of visionary Philosophists, or the delusive projects of Closet Politicians.

MISCELLANY.

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

[The topic of the following debate will appear trifling and ludicrous, at the first glance of every reader. But though *Bull baiting* is apparently not an object of sufficient magnitude to require Legislation, or to excite eloquence, yet a *cause* so frivolous has produced much Parliamentary *effect*, and the weakness of Sir Richard HILL, a well meaning but blind fanatic, has called out all the strength of Mr. WINDHAM, who, in the course of the debate, displayed that correctness of principle, that might of reasoning, those STABLE POLITICS, and those classical allusions, which we expect, of course from an accomplished, and *dauntless* disciple of BURKE and JOHNSON. It has been well remarked, by a spirited writer, that, as if it were to throw ridicule on the great and serious question of the *non-residence* of the *Clergy*, the *Puritans*, are pestering the Parliament, with petitions for a law to prohibit *Bull baiting*. *Gloomy* and *factious*, as they have already rendered the poorer classes of the people in England, they are not content with their gradual success, but come boldly forward to invoke the aid of the Legislature, to their *insidious* and *destructive* efforts. Those who are acquainted with the character of the Honourable Gentleman, by whom the matter in question has been introduced, will want no suggestion to make them perceive that he has been *deceived*. He certainly imagines that he is espousing the cause of order and morality, but, should his endeavours be crowned with success, he will, when it is *too late*, find that he has been labouring in the vineyard of FACTION AND FANATICISM.

Long as the subsequent article is, it will be perused with interest by many. The remark of Mr. WINDHAM upon the danger of legislating upon every *petty local* circumstance, is fortified, if the Editor remembers correctly, by the authority of Judge BLACKSTONE, and it would be well, if it were attended to by *our* Statesmen of the *new sect*. The observation that moral improvement is not to be effected by converting men into *sour*, *morose*, and *self conceited* beings; and that *lively*, *open*, *honest* dispositions are more compatible with the virtues, which we should inculcate, is not only of a generous and manly character, but is *proved* in all the rolls of History. A cheerful, happy, rational Piety receives no lessons from John KNOX, that "*ruffian* of reformation," nor does she implicitly believe in CALVIN, who *burnt* Servetus; above all, this kind of Piety is neither plausibly hypocritical, nor rudely boisterous, she neither cants, nor whines, nor snuffles, nor roars. Erect, and dignified, and *honest*, as in the *day*, she 'never creeps into houses, leading captive silly women,' but

> ....." Looks *aloft*, and, with erected eyes,
> Beholds her own *hereditary* skies." DRYDEN.

It will be observed by the reader that the report of this Speech is extracted from the "Morning Post," a paper, conducted by the political enemies of Mr. Windham, and replete for many years with abuse of this vigilant detector of Jacobinical plots, and this manly opponent to Jacobinical warfare. Even in *this* paper his speech is extolled.

Neither Mr. Windham, nor the American republisher of his Speech, are advocates for the Bull feasts of Spain, nor cruelty to animals. In all the *factious* measure which led to the following sentiments, *Bull baiting* was the least of Jacobinical cares. While the *French* party of Democrats are striving to turn the eyes of the nation upon Bulls, and Bears and Bagatelles, they have no sort of objection to the *baiting* of men of rank, and riches, and virtue. He who would not trample on a grub, would assassinate a nobleman.]

BULL BAITING.

Mr. Dent moved the Order of the Day for the second reading of the Bull baiting Bill.

Sir Richard Hill said, he should trespass on the House in favour of a poor, friendless animal that could not speak for itself. He was sensible, however, that if common charity and humanity should not be sufficient to plead its cause, nothing from him could avail. He then proceeded to state various authorities against this practice, and cruelty to animals in general; including extracts from the Bury, Shrewsbury, and other newspapers, Sir Matthew Hale, King Solomon, and various letters. One of the latter, he said, was from a Clergyman, at Totness, in Devonshire, giving an account of a man killed there by a ferocious *bill* (bull) *(loud laugh)*, who broke loose. There was another from Yorkshire, signed by the Magistrates of a district in that county; another from a great proprietor of works at Colebrook Dale. In short, he had letters and petitions signed by Magistrates, Gentlemen, and Clergy all over the country, praying that every exertion might be made for the abolition of this savage custom. The late Irish Parliament passed a bill unanimously to abolish bull baiting in Ireland; and he hoped the Irish Gentlemen, who had been so favourable to their own bulls, would not be unfriendly to the bulls of this country *(loud laughing.)* All the ladies, he was sure, would be on his side. He had received letters from several *(laugh.)* Some might, he knew, be of a contrary opinion, such as those who frequented the gin shops, or ride in a cinder cart, but he did not rank such among the fair sex. It could not be said of such—

> "Grace was in all her steps—Heaven in her eye,
> "In every gesture, dignity and love."—*(A laugh)*.

He next read an extract from a sermon that was preached at Bath, in 1801, against bull baiting, and stated, as his last authority, the story of Balaam's ass *(Laugh)*.—He could not conceive that God, when he opened the mouth of that animal to complain of ill usage, did not mean to discourage it, and when the Deity became an advocate in the cause, he hoped it would meet respect in a Christian assembly. Sir Richard then proceeded to argue against the custom as not being conducive to courage, or supported even in so manly a way as in Spain; and concluded with an assurance that care should be taken that the bill should not affect any chartered rights.

Mr. Windham, in a speech of great length, deprecated the introduction of such a subject at a moment of such extreme anxiety, when the country was so divided between hopes and fears, and there were so many things of importance to agitate men's bosoms. It was not an evil that had "grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength;" but, on the contrary, it had declined as they increased. In fact, it would be gone before the House would have time to legislate upon it,

> Curremus precipites——————
> Dum jacet in ripa calcemus Cæsaris hostem.

It was so little known in Norwich, that the people of that city did not remember two instances within these twenty years. This was the case nearly all over the kingdom, and in fact it was only within these two years he heard any thing about it. He objected to the custom growing up in the House of legislating upon every petty local circumstance. But, laying this objection aside, he had a great dislike to the increase of penal statutes. Every penal law was in its nature an evil, and creates a discretion which is liable to abuse, and consequently may be an increase of evil. The House had of necessity a great deal of little legislation. Every body knew what flights of cards of invitation were every day issued, requesting attendance upon private bills. He did not mean to insinuate any corrupt practice: it was nothing more than a man's voting according to the opinion of his friend in reliance upon his judgment, instead of taking the trouble to judge for himself. In all small business, this would be always the case. Every question that was not sufficiently large to excite the interest, and draw the attention of a large portion of the country, must be decided by chance, as was near happening to a bill of this kind, about two years ago. This was a general reason for legislating as little as possible, except upon great and general interests, for upon other occasions the decision would go by chance, on the sort of cabal already mentioned. He deprecated the mode pursued by the Honourable Baronet, of taking a microscopic view which only took in part of the subject, and made it appear different from what it would to the naked eye. He disapproved of putting the dog and the bull's flesh before the microscope, and looking at hunting, horse-racing, and shooting with the naked eye. The botanist or the painter would not examine a flower or a picture

in this way. Take human beauty itself in all its charms, and what does the most soft and delicate face present when viewed through the microscope but ridges, cavities, and protuberances, as rough as a pig's back. He complained of that pharisaical humanity, that hypocritical justice, that would make war upon the sports of the poor, while they preserve the game laws for the rich. His next argument was, an *argumentum ad hominem*, but one which should have more weight as the *homo* was the house of commons. He certainly did consider this bill the first step of what was meant to be a reform in the manners of the people, and it was strange that they who were now aware of the evil consequences that would have ensued from a reform in Parliament, should pursue the reform in the country. This was the conduct of the puritans of old, now divided, into two branches, the jacobins and religious fanatics, both acting upon one common principle of hostility to what has been called "lewd and unchristian pastimes." When he talked of Sionites, Ezekielites, &c. he did not mean to discuss their particular tenets, nor to allude to any individual then present. He wished all men to be better than they are; but he was against working their improvement out by converting them into sour, morose, austere, and self conceited beings. He thought lively, open, honest dispositions were more compatible with the virtues which we should inculcate. The modern fanatics however, must be hostile to the lively character of the people, because it unfits them for their purpose.—With respect to the Jacobins, strange as it might appear, there was no class of people on whom they had made less impression than upon the very lowest orders. The Methodists had made a much greater impression upon such persons, probably because they worked with harder tools. *(A Laugh)*. He did not know but it might be a good plan to throw in some Methodist manure to cultivate them for Jacobins. *(A Laugh.)* Now both these sects were pulling at the same rope only at different ends, and each twisting a contrary way. Their common object was to destroy the Old English character. There was not *a single bull baiter or pugilist* in the *Corresponding Society*. The *fellows* who would *cut off King's heads*, and *knock down* thrones, would not *trouble themselves about such a paltry amusement as bull baiting*. They *were* for *nobler sport*.*

"Nimrod was a mighty hunter, and his prey was *men*."

He should like to see a set of Jacobin Missionaries going into a town where there was a bull-baiting, and a methodist preaching, and to have a view of their conduct. There was an old story of a mode of trying Norfolk and Suffolk cheeses, by putting a mouse in, and the cheese of which he ate most was decided to be of the best quality. A Missionary in the present case might be as good a judge as the mouse, and in his opinion, would turn away from the one as a set of idle, thoughtless, disorderly fellows, and fix upon the gloomy, self conceited set returning from the methodist chapel. It was an old saying, that a man who lives in a glass house should not be the first to throw stones. Now that house was glazed all over. No *Melonman in the kingdom*, with his *glasses* and *conservatives*, ought to be more cautious. An extract from a sermon in his possession, after describing a bull baiting, concluded by saying, "such a monster would not hesitate to engulf his reeking blade in the warm bowels of a fellow creature." Now for the application. He did not know but it might be as Nathan said unto David. "Thou art the man," for all the upper classes of society were tormentors of animals. To estimate the cruelty of the practice, we should consider its intenseness, severity, and duration, in none of which was bull baiting equal to hunting. He did not, however, mean to censure hunting on the ground of barbarity. No man could have the arrogance to set up against an amusement which had been a favourite in all ages, which had been the theme of the accomplished Zenophon, which inspired Virgil, who

.....Vocat ingenti clamore Cytheron
Taygetique canes,

and enflamed the mind of Milton. Cruelty was not the object of the bull baiter, if so, why not exercise it in some other way? on the contrary, his pleasure was more rational, and better understood than shooting, which was followed with so much eagerness. The bull baiter could assign a more satisfactory reason. His amusement was a combat of animals, a favourite one in almost all countries. The pleasure consisted in the interest which he felt in the courage of the animal under his care; an interest as natural as that which a man takes in the velocity of his grey hound, or the scent of his pointer. Bull-baiting was formerly the amusement of the great in this country, even so late as in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It had, however, since gone down to the poor, and yet we would now take it off its last legs, while an honourable member present has proposed to extend the game laws to Ireland. If this sort of subject was to be taken up, the house should be ready to begin with themselves. However it might be questioned whether charity should begin at home, there was no doubt but that reform should begin at home. He had heard of a butcher who was looking through the market for his knife while he had it in his mouth *(A Laugh.)* This was the case of an hon. member from Yorkshire (Mr. Wilberforce). He overlooked all the horse-racing of Yorkshire. Dr. Johnson said of hunting, "What must be the paucity of human pleasures when hunting is one of them?" To hunting, however, he (Mr. Windham) did not profess himself an enemy. As to boxing, he would not degrade it by putting it on a level with such a low, paultry thing as a horse-race; a scene of gambling that set the whole country madding for 20 miles round, stopping all travelling and trafic, occupying all the carriages and horses at every inn, and killing some from excess. It was a collection of riff-raff of every kind, black legs, markers at billiard tables, apprentices who embezzle their masters' property, and then commit forgery to supply the deficiency—raggamuffins from town and country, some hawking about gin and gingerbread, and others crying lists of the horses, and other lists for the edification of country gentlemen's daughters. *(Loud Laughing)*. There were no fewer than nine of these exhibitions in Yorkshire, and yet the hon. member could take a tumbler's flying leap over them all, and light on his head upon a bull-bait in Staffordshire. He had no objection, it seemed to preserve the game upon his own manor, and poach abroad.—*(A laugh)*. The poor could not enjoy your Balls, Routs, and Pic Nics. Their poverty excluded them from some pleasures, and the law from others. Suppose, a little dance, or a party of strolling players, the magistracy of the county was up in arms against them. An organ did not offend the ear of a puritan, so much as the sound of a fiddle did that of a magistrate, unless he was one of the party. A dance among the upper circles, was a most divine, delightful enjoyment, that inspired every idea of delicacy and sentiment; but call it a *hop*, and the exclamation immediately was "send for a constable, take away the fellow's licence." He remembered a case which happened some years ago near Berkeley-square; the whole neighbourhood was thrown into confusion, and he went in company with a gentleman, who had since sacrificed his life to his indiscreet generosity, the late Harvey Aston, to inquire the cause. On asking an officer, he exclaimed, "I have actually caught them in the fact; yes, they were dancing;" *(A laugh)*, adding, as if he conceived it a great aggravation of the offence, "and to a black fiddler too." *(Loud laughing)*. This, he feared, was one of the fatal causes of the system of poor rates, which made the higher orders look at the amusements of the poor with a narrow and jealous eye. He warned the house against the consequence, which he said would be to work a change in the character of the people, and drive them into the alehouse or the tabernacle, and thence into Jacobinism. He denied the cruelty of the exercise. The *game* bull, as he was called in the language of that sport, felt no terror, but voluntarily took his station. As to bull running, it was still less liable to the charge. It displayed the courage and velocity of our rustic youth, and though a dangerous practice, the accidents attending it were nothing compared with those of shooting. Mr. Windham then paid a handsome compliment to the character of the town of Stamford, which had petitioned against the bill, as an infringement of a title derived from the great Earl Werreyn. He also complimented the people of Stafford, where the practice of Bull-baiting was so prevalent, upon their courage and loyalty, as a proof of which, the Stafford Militia was the only regiment selected to do duty about the Royal Person. It was the knife *set in oil* that *cut deepest*. If we would look for *dangerous* and *designing persons*, we must not look among bold, boisterous sportsmen, and bull baiters, but among your *close*, *sly*, *thoughtful*, and *smooth fanatics*.

"Tom struts a soldier, *open, bold, and brave*,
"Will *sneaks* a scrivener, an *exceeding knave*."

The Hon. Member here concluded a speech full of weighty argument, and sprightly humour, by saying, he could not vote for the bill, unless it should extend to all field-sports whatever.

DIALOGUE II.

ON PAINTING AS A FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

R. But how could you procure subjects for suc constant occupation?

L. There never could be want of subjects, as long as I lived in human society; while faces met my eye, there was always some among them, singular, and striking by their novelty, and their significance. If real faces were wanting I tasked my fancy, and forming a scale, which included every possible modification of features, had always a subject for my pencil.

My pictures were of several kinds. The first were such as were drawn at the request of my friends and for their use, as tokens or memorials of affection or respect.

The second were such as were executed for my own, either those whom I loved, and who sat while I drew, or others whom their characters, their adventures, or their countenances, rendered any wise remarkable, and whose faces were drawn either from casual inspection or from memory.

A third kind consisted of imaginary faces. As my favourite employment always was to feign characters and incidents, I, of course, was prone to create suitable forms and faces, and these frequently I pencilled with great care.

I perceive, intuitively, relations between the intellectual character and the outward form. My experience has supplied me with great numbers of materials to work with. Having always, particularly noted faces, being attentive to the demeanour and inquisitive into the history of those to whom they belong. I may, perhaps, rely with some degree of confidence on my physiognomical decisions at any rate, every face makes a strong and vivid and distinct impression on my fancy. I can trace the features upon paper, even in its absence, with tolerable fidelity.

* This remark demands the most profound attention. It is in the very spirit of BURKE, and is perfectly true. It has been verified by *Experience*. *Note by the Editor.*

My fancy is wont to exert itself in two ways. First to conjecture the history and character of those whose faces only have been seen, and, secondly, to conjecture the lineaments and form of one whose history and character only are known. These processes have afforded me many an instructive, or, if you please, many an amusing hour. Hence I have amassed a large stock of those images which revisit me in solitude, and give celerity and pleasure to those moments that would otherwise be vacant and wearisomely slow.

R. And what estimate do you form of the advantages flowing from your application to the pencil? Was the choice of this profession the best that could have been made? Was there no other pursuit in which the same application would not have produced more delightful consequences?

L. These are questions more easy to be put than answered. As a calling, I cannot hesitate to prefer this to any other. I could not make myself lawyer, physician, merchant, or divine. The necessary trades of building, tayloring and cooking, were only to be followed through necessity. Music, painting and needle work, were all that remained, and these were useful to subsistence either as being practised or taught.

To *teach* an art to others, is, without doubt, unspeakably worse than to practice it: more toilsome, more degrading, less favourable to cultivation of the understanding and the temper, and to liberty, and less gainful.

Needle-work and pencil-work have some things in common, but their differences are those which subsist between forming a statue with a wooden mallet and a steel chissel, between the sport of an hour and the task of a year. The pencil is alive, active, creative and a wonder-worker, but the needle is sluggish, inanimate, and dead; the enemy of all zeal; the obstacle to all progress; the mother and the emblem of plodding and stupid perseverance. I merely speak of the needle as the tool of fancy; the agent of embellishment. In all useful works, we cannot overrate its value, or the importance of every female being thoroughly mistress of it.

Music has its charms, but to gain a living by the practice is to shew ourselves at concerts and the theatres; to forfeit all esteem, and trample upon delicacy and to set at nought a good name.

R. But are music, needle work and painting the only paths open to ingenious females? You mentioned that you first designed to become an author. Your sex did not exclude you from this. Your education and your genius were remarkably adapted to it. The implements and materials were cheap, easy, and to be wrought up with less exposure to the world, less personal exertion and less infringement of liberty than in Eckstein's vocation.

The passion for fame, the fervours of pathetic, or the brilliancy of sportive eloquence, the sense of contributing to the benefit and pleasure of remote nations and distant generations, all invited you to take up the pen, and yet you took up the pencil in stead.

L. I am not unaware of the manifold advantages which a moral fiction, has over a portrait. I regret, now that I look back upon the past, that so many hours were not given to books and the pen. My portraits have benefited and delighted me, but when I think upon the progress which a different devotion of my time would have enabled me to make in useful and delightful knowledge, I have no terms to convey the sense, not merely of my folly, but my guilt. How many volumes might I not have read, might I not have written. How might my knowledge of man and nature, of poetry and science have been enlarged, if all those days and all that zeal, which, during five years, were absorbed by painting, had been dedicated to the poets, historians and philosophers!—But, thanks to my wiser years, the infatuation is now at an end, and the pencil is laid aside forever.

R. Forever? Do you mean never to paint again?

L. Never: unless upon some very extraordinary exigence. The truth is, that the *end* of application, the ability to figure to oneself and to retain in memory, the features of another, was long ago accomplished. To form a definite image, it is no longer requisite to paint it. To recall it to view, it is no longer necessary to turn to my *portfeuille*. Having not to paint for subsistence but for pleasure, and every pleasurable purpose being attained without the actual use of the pencil, I must lay it aside.

But if its aid were as indspensable as ever, I would not use it again.

R. Why?

L. Because my time can be more usefully employed with a book. Formerly, I spent a precious hour stooping over a table, with eyes riveted to the whitened surface, my reason at a stand, and my fancy fixed upon a single set of features. If permitted to wander, it was only by fits, at random, through the maze of vague and disconnected recollections, whence my mind returned, exercised but not improved, weary and bewildered.

Now that hour enables me to traverse a league of this variegated surface; to cheer my mind and strengthen my frame by passing through an half score vallies and ascending an half score hills. I examine twenty faces or landscapes of Nature's forming, whose lines and colours I can never hope to emulate, instead of producing one uniform, perishable and imperfect creature of my own.

If I choose to betake myself to books, what a world is open before me; how worthy of minute and never tired contemplation! How many structures of poets and philosophers, may be examined in the time misdevoted to a picture. What insight may be gained into the mechanism of human society and the laws of human action, by pursuing the vicissitudes of individuals or of nations from their hour of birth to their hour of extinction.

I once, while living with a friend in Hampshire, employed three hours, one morning, in copying an head of Raphael. Having tired my fingers at this work, I went into a closet where there were a few books, and thought to amuse myself with whatever chance should offer.

I lighted on Dryden's Virgil, and opened at the fourth book of the Æneid. I read it through, in about an hour, and was so much pleased, and so conscious of the many things unobserved or unreflected on, at the first perusal, that I immediately began again. I went through it, and could not resist the inclination to begin it a third time.

It was a favourable moment, my mind was active and my attention vigorous. It is impossible to describe the number and vividness of my conceptions. My new views of composition, morality and manners and government, all rapidly flowing from this source. My enthusiasm prompted me to read aloud, and not my intellectual powers merely, but my physical and vocal powers, my eye and my ear, were beneficially exercised. The incidents, images, phrases and epithets, impressed themselves, with remarkable force, upon my memory. There are few of the lines contained in this book, which have not, many times, casually or in consequence of efforts to recall them, been repeated. The pleasures and benefits, flowing from the employment of these three hours, are indeed, endless in variety and number, and they form a sort of bright spot in the scene of my past existence, on which I meditate with a nameless kind of satisfaction.

On a similar occasion afterwards, I opened, accidentally, Robertson's Scottish history, and read, for three hours. During this time, I had deliberately perused the whole story of Mary's sufferings, from her flight across the Tweed till her death.

I cannot describe the effect of this narrative upon my mind, It deeply affected me, I wept pientifully, and yet my emotions were not painful; they were solemn, ecstatic, and divine. The sudden influx of new ideas, seemed like an addition to my mental substance. I began to live a new existence, and was sensible of faculties for virtue and happiness, of which, before, I had not had a glimpse.

How often have I since compared the occupation of these hours, with those assigned to painting, and regretted that I did not sooner awaken from my dream.

Then, however, these delights had no other effect than to make me attempt to draw, merely from fancy, a portrait first of Dido, and then of Mary. I afterwards met with a fine portrait of the Northern Queen, at Holyrood house, and with a bust of the infelix Eliza, in a gallery at Naples. The emotions with which I contemplated these pieces, were wholly owing to my knowledge of their history, and were so different from any which my own performances had given that I wonder at my still adhering to the pencil.

Now, instead of delineating the eyes, nose and lips of him or her whose adventures I have just read or heard, I put down all my reflections on the story upon paper, and where I formerly sketched the face of another, I now exhibit my own thoughts, enlightened, methodized, extended, by the very act of putting them into words.

R. But here, I may make the same remark which I formerly made as to your music. The mind necessarily demands relief from variety, and change. Why may not painting and music be admitted to diversify the scene, and, at intervals, however rare and brief?

L. I have no intervals to spare. I find no satiety, nor decay of curiosity or languor of spirits, except from the intermission of my favourite employments. I do not spend my whole time in writing or reading, or in lonely musing. I have personal and household occupations to attend to: I have visits to pay and to receive; conversations to sustain and rambles to take. My present and absent friends lay claim to some of my time, and I practise, I assure you, not a slight degree of self-denial, in withholding myself from the pen and the book so much as I do.

R. Prithee, tell me, exactly, how you distribute your time.

L. I will tell you how I wish to distribute; to what rule I endeavour, as far as circumstances will permit, to adhere. Now, that I am more mistress of my time, than I ever was, I adhere to it with considerable punctuality. But enough for the present. We have done with painting, I suppose, and we will have done for the present, with talk.

(To be continued.)

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Though, in general, I deride the pastoral stile in Poetry, yet I make an exception in favour of CUNNINGHAM, and his followers. The following poem partakes of the pastoral style. It abounds in rural images, and presents very delightful forms of Quiet and Tranquillity. It is not a vulgar poem, and perhaps some of the impetuous racers in pursuit of pleasure will pause in their wild career, and listen to the bland accents of the Hermit.

INSCRIPTION FOR A HERMITAGE.

Stranger, where, so thoughtless by
Do thy erring footsteps stray?
Stop, and turn thy curious eye
From yon dazzling dome away.

And, cool within this glimmering shade,
This hermit's haunted scenes retire
And mark the roof with osiers laid,
And, pure, his peaceful paths admire

And stoop beneath his humble door,
  And view his walls with ivy spread,
Moss grown bench and grassy floor,
  Hairy gown and wicker bed.

Nor his frugal meal despise,
  Nor his cup with health that flows,
Beard, from age, of hoary size,
  Age that Wisdom's wealth bestows.

Taste the draught my thirst relieves,
  Eat the wholesome food I bring,
Honied cake of oaten sheaves,
  Balmy fruits, and nectar'd spring.

You who swim in sparkling wine,
  In yon echoing hall may tell,
How its luscious baits incline,
  What the pang, its charms conceal.

Folly's wit, and reason's war,
  Stain the hours in mirth that roll;
Taste the dish these hands prepare,
  Sip with me the simple bowl.

Taste, nor thus thy moments lose,
  From the giddy rout remove,
Taste, and let thy prudence choose
  Paths her clearest rules approve.

Shun the slaves of pleasure, shun
  Fluttering life's fantastic crew,
Round in glittering tribes they run,
  Fashion leads, and fools pursue.

Stranger cease; those toils forbear,
  Wealth and all its cares resign,
Fame renounce, for fruitless are
  Mimic bust, and marble shrine.

Nor vain yon lonely Halcyon deem,
  Though gold her azure plumes adorn;
She loves this dark sequestered stream,
  Nor finds those favourite haunts forlorn.

And seeks those bowers in silence trace,
  And hear the midnight warblers song,
She hides in shades her blushing face,
  She flies the noon day's babbling song.

And turn, and stoop within my door,
  Taper light, and napkin clean,
Cross and saint and Virgin pure
  On my turf-built altar seen.

Cup of life, and rapture high,
  Books and fast, that vice controul,
Kiss and beads, and holy sigh,
  Are the feast that feeds my soul.

Stranger, proved, regardless, where
  Do thy erring footsteps fly?
Stop, and kneel in humble prayer,
  Live like me and learn to die.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[It is our intention to insert regularly, in this paper, *Reports* of curious cases, in the English and American Tribunals. But the lovers of amusing Literature need not revolt at this resolution, nor terrify their imagination with the dread of being wearied, by the dryness of Law. We shall be careful to admit nothing, but what may interest our readers, and both edify and amuse, either from the memorable nature of the case, or the logic and rhetoric of the pleaders, or the wisdom and propriety of the decision.]

YORK ASSIZES.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

STORY v EAGLE.

Mr. Serjeant Haywood stated the case of the Plaintiff; he observed, that of all the wounds which can be given the feelings of an individual, the one which is perhaps the most severely felt is that injury for which his client now sought for compensation. She was, it is true, in a very humble situation in life, a maid servant to Mr. Stockdale, of Knaresborough; but the feelings of the humblest individual are not to be broken without giving that individual a right to appeal to a jury for compensation adequate to the injury sustained. It was not merely to recover damages that his client brought the present action, but also to vindicate her character, which she found might suffer from so sudden and unaccountable a desertion as she had experienced from the man who had publicly professed himself her lover, and courted her for two years, and yet quitted her the day before that which was appointed for their marriage. The defendant in this action was also himself in an humble situation in life; he had been an hostler in the town of Knaresborough when first he began his courtship, but is now an Innkeeper in that town, and worth 600l. by his own confession. Among the letters which she had received from him lately, was the following:

Dear Mary—This is to you, whom I love more than life. I am as sincere in this, as if I was at the hour of my death, confessing to my Creator. But what nonsense it is to talk of death and my Creator when I am addressing myself to you, who are the centre of all my wishes? All that I have is yours, and all that I ask heaven to grant, is, that I may see the happy day, when I may call you mine. —I am your humble servant and most sincere lover, ROBERT EAGLE.

The plaintiff, who was at first averse to his suit, certainly had consented to it at last; the day of marriage had been fixed, and preparations made for it, when the defendant suddenly, without reason changed his mind, married a girl, then resident at Harrowgate, and has now set up an inn at Knaresborough. When he should prove this case, he would in some degree compensate for the injury she had sustained.

Elly Sly was the principal witness for the plaintiff. She had known her for the last two years, as a servant to Mr. Stockdale of Knaresborough. The witness washed for Mr. Stockdale, during the whole of that time; and almost every washing day she had seen the Defendant by the side of the Plaintiff's tub, paying his addresses to her. He appeared to be sincerely in love with her, and often talked of marriage, but at length told her of his taking a house, and consulted her about the furniture and provisions he was to lay in, and whether it was best to get corn or flour. At that time the marriage seemed to be very near, when he told the witness that he was in a very distressing situation; there was a d—d girl at Harrowgate to whom he had promised marriage before two witnesses, and vowed she would prosecute him if he did not keep his promise. He accordingly went to Harrowgate, and on his return told the witness he had settled with that girl, and asked if Mary (the plaintiff) would marry him the next day. The witness bid him ask Mary; he accordingly did so; and the Plaintiff that day gave her mistress warning, and gave the witness a gown, petticoat, and a pair of stockings to be washed against the next day, and made some other little preparations for the approaching nuptials. Before the next day came the defendant disappeared, and in a day or two married the Harrowgate girl. About a fortnight after he paid a visit to the witness, with whom the plaintiff was then sitting; the plaintiff told him, "She would be glad to wish him joy, but his bad behaviour would not allow her." The Defendant said he was very sorry, and would make her any compensation in his power." Mrs. Sly said, he ought to give her thirty guineas; he replied, "She will never take that." Mary then burst out a crying and left the house; the defendant followed and overtook her, and the next day told the witness she cried a great deal, and he was extremely sorry for her.

On her cross-examination, she was asked by Mr. Pack, whether the plaintiff had not often, during the length of time she objected to the match, declared that the defendant was such a nasty ill-looking animal, that she would be ashamed to be seen walking with him? The witness declined as much as possible, answering that or similar questions; but said, that no girl had a right to say so of the Defendant, whom she always considered a *very nice little man*.

One Piercy, a servant of Mr. Stockdale's proved that the Defendant had applied to him to procure a licence, and that the plaintiff had made preparation for the marriage, and, in particular, had borrowed linen and other things from him.—On his cross-examination, he was asked, why those things were borrowed only? he answered, because the marriage bore a very *numplush* kind of appearance. Being requested to explain the meaning of the word *numplush*, he said, the Defendant did not know his own mind, and therefore it was a doubt whether the marriage would take place or not.

Mr. Park addressed the jury on the part of the Defendant. He said, that although this little alehouse which the defendant had taken in Knaresborough was for the purposes of this cause, swelled into a great Inn, and it was attempted to insinuate that the defendant was a man of property, yet, in truth, and in fact he was a poor man now, and had been an humble hostler when first he paid his devotions at the shrine of his adoration, the *wash-tub* of the plaintiff in this action. His client was a most unfortunate poor devil, and he trusted the Jury would not, by giving heavy damages in this silly case immure him in jail for the rest of his days.—For two long years his Client had paid his addresses, and offered his sincere love at the plaintiff's *wash-tub*; all that while the scornful *lady of the suds* refused his suit, and treated him with ineffable contempt: at length, wearied of her scorn in a moment of despair and vexation, he talked of love and marriage to the Harrowgate girl, and unfortunately for him before two witnesses. In the mean time, the scornful beauty who brought the present action, hearing that he was going to take a house and had some money she immediately relaxed from her wonted cruelty and consented to be his bride. —What was his poor Client to do in such a dilemma? On the one hand, there was a most unexpected consent from the scornful *nymph of the suds*, who exclusively possessed his heart; and on the other hand, that d—d Harrowgate girl, as he called her, with her two witnesses, threatened him with a prosecution and a jail if he did not marry her. Was ever man (to use the expression of the witness) in such a *numplush?* It had been doubted by many wise Philosophers, whether fear or love was the more powerful spring of human actions. Surely then, if it should appear that fear had most influence in a hostler's breast, the jury would not think he ought so to be punished by an endless imprisonment, which would be the consequence of their giving heavy damages. Indeed if the Jury were to give such encouragement to these actions, every maid servant in England would be bringing her action; for all of them have had, no doubt in their turn, nonsense talked to them by idle fellows, about love and marriage, and in the presence of some *Mrs. Sly*.—It appeared by the plaintiff's evidence that she had suffered no actual damages, as she still retains her situation in life, and her place at Mr. Stockdales'.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH said, that it had been clearly proved that the defendant had, both by his conduct, and by his express promise raised expectations which he had defrauded, and hopes which he had deceived: the Jury were, therefore, bound to give compensation in damages for the injury so received from the defendant by the plaintiff. There were however, no very aggravating circumstances attending this case, and in giving damages, the Jury should take care not utterly to ruin the Defendant. He had, himself admitted, that thirty guineas were too little; it therefore appeared that the Jury ought not to give less damages than what the defendant himself appeared to consider as an adequate compensation.

The jury after a few minutes consideration, found for the Plaintiff—*Fifty pounds damages.*

FESTOON OF FASHION.

How best to bind the flowing hair
With art, yet with an artless air;
In what nice braid, or glossy curl,
To fix a diamond or a pearl,
And how the purfled veil to choose
From silken stores of varied hues;
Which may attract the roving view
Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue,
The loveliest mantle to select
Or unembellish'd, or bedeckt;
And how the twisted scarf to place
With most inimitable grace;
What skirts the mantle best may suit,
Ornate with stars of tissued fruit,
The flower embroider'd, or the plain
With silver, or with golden vein.

Sir WILLIAM JONES.

MRS. THELLUSSON'S MASQUERADE,

At Foley House, on Wednesday was given on *city principles*, and has created much conversation in the fashionable world. Many of the nobility and gentry of the first rank and respectability, as is usual on such occasions, applied for tickets; but the answer made by the *Cerberus* of the house, was, that none could be admitted who were not in the habit of inviting Mr. and Mrs. Thellusson to their parties. This was in the true spirit of *traffic*, to *give* and *take*; and the Thellussons were resolved to have the *pull* in their favours, as they would not stand the hazard of the *gratitude* of their guests and take their chance of being invited in return. They would issue tickets to no one who had not made an *instalment* in advance, leaving it to others to repent of having neglected them; and giving a salutary lesson for the future, that if they expect to participate in the *fetes* of Foley House, they must first establish a title by their hospitalities.

In consequence of this principle being laid down a great part of the fashionable world was refused, and Mrs. Thellusson for some days enjoyed the triumph of recounting the indifference with which she had treated their applications. But lo! when the night arrived, so many of the chosen few sent apologies (tickets not being transferable), many of them not wishing to go without their friends, or but in such parties as they could form agreeably, that the number present was diminished to a mortifying degree, especially with respect to the personages of the highest rank expected. Mr. and Mrs. Thellusson had, however, a very considerable company of *their own class*, though the assembly was shorn of its bright beams. The most distinguished persons were the Prince, and a party of about twenty which he took with him, and who had a private supper room assigned them. This party shed lustre over the whole, and kept up the dignity of the scene. The Prince was dressed as a Baron of ancient times, in scarlet, richly ornamented with gold. He wore an old-fashioned doublet of scarlet cloth; with slashed sleeves; a short cloak of scarlet cloth; the gold lace and fringe very deep and rich on both. Around the knees, the gold fringe was a quarter of a yard deep. A black hat with white feathers laid flat, and hanging out on each side; whiskers, and the face painted to disguise, formed the rest of the dress, which was prepared and put on under the direction of Mr. Kemble of Drury-lane Theatre, and did great honor to his taste. The dress was grand, and his Royal Highness made a noble appearance.

The preparations for the fete were in a very expensive style. The terrace next the garden was ornamented with oak and laurel in leaves, which formed an arched covering; variegated lamps were entwined, and the Prince's feathers appeared in the centre of the whole. A temporary colonnade was erected from the hall of the outer gate, in the court-yard, which was likewise lighted with lamps.

As, at these entertainments *Religious* characters appear as certainly as at church, so here we found the Marquis Townshend a *Friar*, and the Marchioness a *Nun*, the former preaching up abstinence and mortification; Miss Payne was also a *Nun*, and Mrs. T. Crespigny a *Priestess* of the *Sun*, mixing Paganism with Christianity. Among the devotees were Colonel Whitworth, Lady Fane, Sir J. St. Clair Erskine, and Serjeant Haywood, as *Pilgrims*, bound for the Holy land, and interrupted in their march by Mr. Jerningham, Mr. J. Manners, and Lord Henry Fitzgerald, as *Turks*, while the Turkish Ambassador, in his *own proper dress*, was highly entertained at seeing his countrymen, though he could not understand them. Among other foreigners we also found the Earl of Aboyne, as a *Russian*; Colonel Thornton, as a *French Barber*—tolerably well; Lord Charles Bentinck, a *Swiss Peasant*; Captain Munday, a *Polander*. The *Spaniards* were particularly numerous: among them were the Dukes of Orleans and Montpensier, Marquis of Winchester, Lords Templeton, Ossulstone, Westmoreland, Colonel Churchill; Messrs. Lascelles, Townsend, and Maitland. The native characters were not less numerous than those from foreign parts; and since the Prince appeared as a *Highlander*, that dress is coming into vogue. In it appeared Major Eustace, a *Scotch Chieftain*; Earl Temple, a *Highlander*; but certainly not from the land of starvation. Colonel Campbell, a *Scotch Mendicant*. The English *Clowns* were as numerous as usual, and consisted among others, of Mr. T. Skiffner, Mr. E. Boldero, Lord C. Somerset, Mr. S. Thornton, Mr. H. Anson. The females of the same class were, the two Miss Manners, as *Flower Girls*; Miss Erskine, a *Country Girl*, Mrs. Erskine, a *Cottager's Wife*; Lady M. Montague, a *Country Girl*; and the most humourous of all, Mr. Champneys, an *Old Welch Woman riding on Horseback with butter and eggs to market*, admirably supported. Of the *Clowns* superiors, there were besides, the Prince, as an *Ancient Baron*, Colonel Montgomery, and Lord Edward Somerset in the same dress. To match the *Ancient Barons* there were Miss Strahan, Miss Baldero, and Mrs. J. Orde, as *Old Maids*. Lord and Lady John Thynne were in dresses of the last century, an excellent couple who ridiculed, by the covering our parents wore, the nakedness of the present day. The *Jews* were not numerous, and consisted only of Lord Limerick as *Shylock*, and Sir W. Sheridan, a *Money Lender*. We only noticed one *Harlequin*, Mr. Herbert, the weather being too warm, perhaps, for feats of agility. The *Sailors* were Captain Upton, Mr. Pierrepont, and Count Beaujolois. Among the more singular characters were the Honorable Mrs. Wynne, as *Night*, and Mr. Wynne in a dress comprehending the costume of all nations (not very clearly). Gen. Lenox as a *Coachman*, and Captain H. Townshend as the *Brazen Mask*, were both very good characters; Prince William of Gloucester seems very adverse to any character, as he again appeared in a coloured domino; Mr. Erskine played the part of a *Boarding School Miss*, paying morning visits, very well; Lord Milsingtown was a little noisy as *Punch*; Lady Smith Burgess was well dressed as a *Ballad Singer*; The two Miss Fordyces, as *Fair Slaves*, were very beautiful; Miss Eglintown accompanied them as a *Hermit*; Lord Paget was admirably dressed as a *Hussar*, and made an elegant appearance; Lady Paget looked beautifully; Lady Dungannon was also one of the most beautiful women in the company, and the most elegantly dressed in black lace, with silver and diamond chains; Mrs. Fitzherbert, and Lady Haggerstone, were in the Highland dress of the forty-second Regiment. Among the others, with handsome fancy dresses, were—the Dutchesses of Buccleugh and Beufort; Marchionesses of Winchester, Headfort, Bath, Donegal, and Salisbury; Ladies Liverpool, C. Jenkinson, Campbell, M. Taylor, three Thynnes, Harrington, A. M. Stanhope, L. Manners, Mildmay; Mrs. Malcolm, Mrs. and Miss Thompsons. Mr. Thomas Wynne was in the character of *Charles I.* with a beautiful woman hanging on his arm. Speaking of beautiful women, we should not omit to notice Ladies C. Campbell and Coningham, Mrs. Champneys, and A. M. Taylor. Mrs. Thellusson herself was magnificently dressed in blue and silver without a mask.

At one o'clock, when mirth began to flag, the great hall was opened to the motley groupe, having been fitted up under the direction of Mr. Thellusson, with an inn and shops of every description; each of which was filled by the undermentioned gentlemen, supporting their several characters with a degree of wit and vivacity scarcely ever equalled.

Sir W. W. Wynn and Mr. Thellusson the *Landlord and Landlady of the Hotel*; Mr. Clampneys, as *Doctor Galan Aesculape*; Mr. Wrottesley, as *Caleb Quotem*; Colonel Armstrong, *Jemmy Jumps*; Lord Cranley, a *Jew Broker*; Mr. T. Sheridan, a *Methodist Preacher in a Tub*, highly entertaining; Mr. Giles, a *Barber*; Mr. Cox, *Jobson*; Mr. Wm. Fitzroy, *Snip the Taylor*; an *Irish Gentleman*, with an excellent song in character, dealing out whiskey. This party, for nearly one hour, supported a constant succession of mirth and good humour; and altho' many of them early in the evening had exerted themselves in other characters, particularly Mr. Champneys, as an *Old Welch Woman* on horseback, with butter and eggs, wit and repartee did not slacken. The supper succeeded, disposed in seven different rooms, and at three o'clock the Phantasmagoria opened, and filled up that vacant moment which the departure of night, and the arrival of the morning dawn, might otherwise have rendered dull; at four the gardens opened, and displayed all the freshness of spring. It was five o'clock.

Many of those who would wish to be considered young men of wit, as well as fashion, were as simple *in mask* as they are in general when unmasked; and because they are not equal to the support of a character, think it sufficient to ornament the rooms with their pretty persons.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT' FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

[Your Peter Piper, and his peck of pepper, have recalled to my memory the following jumble of words.]

On Sintac tap, there is a cap,
And in that cap there is a drap;
Take up the cap, drink out the drap,
And leave the cap on Sintac tap.

On the top of Sintac, a high mountain of the south of Scotland, there is a large stone, in the form of a cap, which generally contains a quantity of water. A Scotch traveller, viewing this curiosity, his muse produced the above lines. It is for you, Mr. Oldschool, to determine whether they be poetical or logical. Yours, P.

THE DRAMA.

The tragedy of *The Revenge* was performed on Covent Garden Theatre for the first time these fifteen years. Cooke seems determined to pursue Kemble through the entire range of his characters. *Zanga* is not one of those in which he encounters him with most success; yet it is a source of high pleasure to the public that talents so respectable should be tried in every thing, though they may in some instances fall short of the perfection of the *Roscius* of Drury-lane.

Cooke expressed the stronger passages with much force, but he appeared to us to fall short in the more delicate. In the bold, direct sarcasms no man could surpass him, and his exultation at the accomplishment of his design was truly grand; but he did not appear to enjoy the previous and subordinate mischiefs as he went along. Our conception of the character supposes it proper to appear delighted with every new wound given to that peace which it is the ultimate object totally to destroy. In the falshood and dissimulation preparatory to

the great entanglement, in the arguments urged to induce *Carlos* to resign *Leonora* and *Alonzo* to receive her, great art and judgment were displayed; but the principal excellence was in *Zanga's* explanation of the extent of the injuries done to *Alonzo*, and the declaration that he was the author of them. Thus there was much to admire, as there must be in every thing that Cooke attempts, unless he entirely loses sight of himself. Yet we cannot bestow that degree of praise on the performance altogether that Cooke is intitled to in his best characters.

Mr. Siddons, in *Alonso*, acquitted himself admirably. He displayed with feeling and correctness the successive emotions of friendship, honour, confidence, love, jealousy, and remorse. If not entitled already to rank with our best actors, he is at least one of the fairest hope of the stage. Mrs. Litchfield sustained the part of *Leonora* with great propriety, with much strength of colouring and happy discrimination. Mrs. St. Leger, in *Isabella*, did not enter with sufficient earnestness into the business in which she took so active a part. Mr. Brunton in *Carlos* was in general languid; but he shewed sufficient interest and animation in the scene in which he resigned *Leonora* to *Alonso*.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It is supposed that if the duty of *residence* were generally observed by the clergy, in England, that the *schism shops*, as they are nervously called, of the puritans, would gradually diminish, and that true religion would gradually increase. When our remarker observes, from the top of any hill, in the happy little island of Great-Britain, we behold the numerous churches, which, by the wisdom, the piety, and the liberality of our forefathers have been scattered around, we are naturally astonished, not that puritanism and its inseparable concomitant disloyalty should not be destroyed, but that it should ever, for a moment, have existed.

—

A living poet, whose admiration of Edmund Burke led to the composition of a poem entitled Innovation, thus apostrophizes that sublime genius.

O thou, in whose emphatic page we trace,
The glowing beauties of each sister grace,
As prompt to crown the patriot's ardent vow,
They lift the veil from Wisdom's awful brow;
O thou, whose toils, with equal scorn, defy
The smooth perversion and the shameless lye;
The sorry ridicule, which fools impart,
And the cold sneer which speaks the canker'd heart.
While, BLEST, by all their country's weal, who prize,
While, blest, by all the good and all the wise;
If, in some moment of reluctant pause,
Which toiling Virtue yields to Nature's laws,
When rustic arts, and rustic converse charm,
And the light labour of thy cultur'd farm,
When social trifles smooth the brow of care,
The Muse shall claim their grateful task to share:
Oh! meet her homage with no cold distrust,
Severely grateful, as severely just.

—

The following epitaph on a great arithmetician and accountant, I find in a very pleasant work, entitled "The Meteors;"

Truth could not *add* unto his honest fame,
Nor malice dare *subtract* a jot *from same;*
Peaceful his life, no strife he ever made,
And *ditto* of his death was justly said
Division he ne'er *cast* 'tween man and wife,
He lov'd to *multiply*, as he lov'd life,
For *simple* interest he had many rules,
But left all *compound* unto knaves and fools.

—

The Editor of the Farmer's Museum always writes sensibly, whenever *modern* France is his topic. His sentiments are correct and prophetic. "The revolutionizing spirit, which has characterized the French nation for some years past having subsided, a new system has commenced under the reign of the first Buonaparte. Such a catastrophe from such tragic scenes, was to be expected. All the articles of optical deception are now dispensed with, and with his wand and word, the chief juggler commands *presto* begone; and the real monarch for life appears, with a power and splendor which eclipses that of any of the Bourbons. The people were dissatisfied with the government of a mild prince. If they had a *log* for their monarch, like the frogs in the fable they mounted on his back and insulted him, till Heaven has at last sent them one whose little finger is as thick as the loins of the former. We hear occasionally of conspiracies against his life, many of which we presume are forged for some political or speculating purpose. Still, it is pretty certain there are many restless principals of the revolution who are dissatisfied with the political Colossus who strides over them. The existence of these characters makes it probable that,

"——Short will be his reign; his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny sects provoke;
And frogs and toads and all the tadpole train
Will croak to heav'n, from this devouring crane."

—

Boswell informs us, that Dr. *Johnson* once repeated to him with the utmost energy of applause, the original of the following lines, translated from JUVENAL. The sentiments are wonderfully noble, as will be perceived, in Mr. Gifford's version.

Be brave, be just; and when thy country's laws
Call thee to witness in a dubious cause,
Though Philaris place his bull before thine eye,
And frowning, dictate to thy lips a lie,
Think it the height of baseness, breath to choose
Ere *Honour*; and *Life's end for life to lose.*
Life, I recall the word; can he be said
To live, who merits death? No, he is dead;
Though Gauran oysters load his sumptuous board
And o'er his limbs all Vosmo's sweets be pour'd.

—

The following extract from a London print, is recommended to the very serious attention of some of the Courts of Justice in Pennsylvania, and, indeed in many of the other states. The noise, and want of decorum in our Tribunals remind every blushing stranger of the bear garden and the brawling streets. There are regions, where the insolence of the vulgar, and the boorishness of clamorous crouds are tamely suffered. There is a country too from which we derive our laws, where Justice is not only righteously administered, but has a voice of dignity, which makes itself heard, and *exercises* a strong arm of power to repress the tumultuous movements of the rabble*.

Let the following article be read, and, for the sake of decency, for the sake of dignity, for the advancement of business, and for the promotion of Justice, let us hope that all indecorous tumult in our Tribunals may hereafter be *legally* quelled.

"The audience in Guildhall was yesterday (14th June) very noisy, and interrupted the proceedings of the court of king's bench several times;—at length the Chief Justice inquired whose duty it was to keep silence, and being informed it was the sheriff's he immediately stopped the proceedings in the cause, until the under sheriff made his appearance. His lordship then informed him, that *it was fit that they should be able to administer the justice of the country without interruption.* "I understand, sir," said he, "that it is your duty to *order* silence kept; I therefore fine you 5l. for your negligence; and *unless silence be hereafter observed*, I shall have recurrence to the *same means* to *enforce* your attention to your duty."

Another circumstance is sufficiently momentous to deserve the attention of our law officers, in general, and the writer of this article hopes that none will be so uncharitable, or so incorrect, as to suppose the remark is invidious, when he calls upon all concerned to reflect how little regard is paid to what may be called the *costume* of the Court. Men of great talents and of incorruptible integrity who administer Justice from many an elevated bench with equal ability and uprightness, are too careless of their exterior. They are negligent of dress; they are not always awake to their dignity. Now, as man is modified, and especially as society is modified, in this country, it is not merely pleasing, but of singular *utility*, that Justice should be decorously arrayed. An ermined robe, or sable silk are things trivial in themselves, but if the magistrate, thus invested, command the respect of the crowd, or inspire awe in the criminal, then is *dress* itself a subject of no trivial interest.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A very general objection to the plan of this paper is occasioned by our *sometime neglect* of Political Disquisitions. These shall have their turn. Perhaps, the Editor is inordinate in his love of Literature. But his attachment to topics of a permanent, rather than of a fleeting character may be justified by the classical Dr. KNOX, who has exercised his pen, in the service both of the Nation, and the Muses. Though Politics, a subject adapted to raise the passions, engross the thoughts of most men, yet Reason informs me a community may be most permanently and importantly served, by the peaceful labours of the Student. I will not derogate from the glory of arms, or the merit of political conflicts, but I will say that he effects a durable and substantial good to society, who labours to diffuse the light of Literature. He sows seeds of excellence, which, *if the soil be not ungrateful*, may spring up to aggrandize empires; and of virtues, which may, in future ages, bless and exalt human nature. When temporary subjects shall have passed away, like the morning dew, those which are intended to promote a real and universal good, will continue to diffuse a beneficial influence.

BIBO quotes the example and the precept of Sir William Jones, to justify his Invocation to the bewitching Powers of Madeira and Melody, and hopes that some of the maladies of the mind will yield to a charm, like this,

If Wine and Music have the power,
To ease the SICKNESS OF THE SOUL:
Let Phœbus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.

The Imitation of Cotton's "Fire Side" is perfectly to our taste. The politics which the poet ridicules, the Editor detests.

* The Editor is very happy to find his opinion on the subject corroborated by the good sense of Dr. V. KNOX, a writer who is far from being a foe to *rational* liberty.

The existence of society confessedly depends upon a regular subordination. What deranges or disturbs this regularity, even in the *idea* of the *subaltern* ranks, shakes the basis of society. All, who are raised by civil distinctions above the level of natural equality, are under obligations to preserve an appearance of dignity, adequate to their situation and correspondent to their real importance. Respect should be decently exacted, wherever it is due, not from a principle of pride, or from a littleness of mind; but because it facilitates the due degrees of necessary acquiescence; because it regulates the complex movements of the political machine. Even formality and dress, though futile in themselves, when abstractedly considered, have been preserved with care, in the flourishing period of an empire, because they tended to promote tranquillity. They excited an awe among the rude and the refractory which ensured a ready submission to legal authority. Let Philosophy boast its pretensions, we are yet so constituted, that not only the uncultivated, but the enlightened also, are powerfully affected by external appearance. He, who is in the useful and sacred office of distributing Justice, must endeavour to appear awful to the rude ruffian and the miscreant of society. There is a beauty in decorum, which renders the assumption of external dignity, when it is supported by mental and official importance, agreeable as well as venerable.

I find in looking into Clithero's Life of Judge BLACKSTONE, that "after he became a Judge, *he thought it his duty to keep strictly up to forms*, and not to lessen the respect, due to the dignity and gravity of his office, by any outward levity of behaviour."

An accomplished character of antiquity, skilled in every part of forensic duty, and of forensic dignity, thus describes the decorum of a magistrate.

Est *proprium* munus magistratus intelligere *se gerere* personam civitatis, *debereque* ejus *dignitatem* et *decus* sustinere.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET TO ELIZA.

Tho' love has often sway'd this heart,
And bade it glow with all his fires,
Yet ne'er before did he impart
Such gentle thoughts, such soft desires.

I do not feel that ardent flame,
Too fierce for reason to controul;
But passions far too sweet to name,
That sink in languishment the soul.

Eliza, language is too weak
To say how fully I was blest,
When the soft blush o'erspread thy cheek;
And clasp'd in transport to my breast,
I heard thy voice, in words divine,
Tell me each trembling wish was mine.

A—O.

—

FROM THE ITALIAN.

How fortune deceptive was smiling of late!
Now dark are the clouds that o'ershadow my fate!
Such gloom hides the scene that once teem'd with delight,
That hope has not radiance to banish the night.

The mind of refinement may anxiously try,
The arrows of grief and misfortune to fly;
But vainly shall try, if th' attempt to oppose,
The bosom of beauty partake in its woes.

O.

—

AN EXPOSTULATION.

Shall Orpheus be forever prais'd,
Because a shade from hell he rais'd,
And I neglected here remain,
Whose *flute* could drive it back again?
Tho' Pluto wept (so great his skill!)
And snakes round furies' heads grew still;
His charms I'd break, make Pluto roar,
And snakes, entwining, hiss *encore!*

A——.

—

TO A RINGLET OF HAIR.

Dear relique of the gentle maid,
Who rules unrivall'd in my heart;
Oft round her polish'd brow you play'd,
Or careless, unconfin'd by art,

O'er her white bosom's graceful swell,
(Unconscious of the blissful scene,
Where lurking loves delight to dwell)
Have lain, in apathy serene.

Alas! like me, dissever'd now
From where you would forever grow;
No more to wreath around her brow,
Or, careless, on her bosom flow,

What is your worth?—Oh! ever dear,
While fancy, living on her charms,
Can recollect the standing tear,
When fortune from her circling arms,

With scowling mien, and brow severe,
Tore me—alas! from her so true—
For *then* Eliza plac'd you here,
And strove, but could not say adieu.

A—O.

—

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Where shall I go, dearest Zaira?
What shall I do, far from thee?
Maid beloved! maid adored!
O, speak thou—speak thou for me!
How does fortune joy to sever,
Hearts that feel a mutual glow!
Blight each bud of promis'd pleasure,
And plant deep the thorns of woe!

O.

—

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH GLEE.

Of old, Philosophers declar'd
From any thing without them
No happiness could e'er be found—
And which of us will doubt them?

Then since this wine, which smiles so sweet,
And strives so much to win us,
Can give no happiness without,
Let's try its power within us.

A.

SELECTED POETRY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM THE SHADES BELOW, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE STATIONS AND OCCUPATIONS OF DECEASED POETS.

Why how now, friend Richard? Because a man's dead,
Will you break off acquaintance? d'ye think he can't read?
Had you sent a small packet by Charon, post paid,
It had safely arriv'd—he's a trusty old blade;
However, I hate to be churlish and crusty,
Or stand upon forms—so resolve to write first t' ye.

Know then that my will was first finish'd—that done,
I had nothing to do, but to die and be gone.
Well, in due form of law, then I fairly departed,
And quickly and safely was hither transported.
As I know you are curious in search of things strange,
I'll relate what I found by my whimsical change.

The poets, both Grecian and Roman of old,
Of whom we so many fine things have been told,
Live here in great state, are grandees of the court,
To whom all the moderns most humbly resort,
Yet few find admittance, or favour with those,
So poor their appearance, so shabby their clothes;
Some, indeed, a small pittance, or place, may obtain;
But the rest are a sad ragged crew in the main:
In short, the whole tribe are at best, but so so,
As you'll find by their state and employment below.

Old Chaucer and Drayton I found in good plight,
And Shakespeare and Spencer appear pretty tight;
They've each a small freehold, tho' troth bounded in sore,
And live not unlike to our poor knights of Windsor.
Ben Johnson sells ale on the side o' the hill,
And Beaumont and Fletcher go halves in a mill.
But Denham enjoys a small post in the state,
And Dorset and Juvenal's grown very great;
Whilst poor sir John Suckling is but a knife grinder,
And Cowley, poor Cowley's a lacquey to Pindar.

Friend Wilmot's a mountebank, Villiers his droll,
Charles Sedley their toad eater, Howard their fool.
Old Milton still blind, but much in request,
With Homer and Virgil, and most of the best;
And Addison lately assign'd for his guide,
Enjoys a small place and a pension beside:
Old Naso and Waller most hugely agree,
But Ar'stotle t'other day cudgelled poor Lee.

But Butler of all looks the best let me tell ye,
Has money, good clothes, and can now fill his belly;
Is lately prefer'd as his highness's jester,
For which he per diem has two and a tester.
In troth I was glad to see Butler so mended,
Who had suffer'd so greatly before he descended.

Old Dryden sells nectar, an excellent dram,
And Shadwell is kept by a wealthy old dame;
He was always a lover, you know, of the same.

Rough Wycherly sells penknives, razors and scissars,
And Otway pincushions, essence, and tweezers.
Tom Brown's a black shoe boy, and carries a link,
A sad dirty whore's bird, and lies in a sink;
Joe Haines and Dick Estcourt are poor, but yet merry,
And Philips for's highness makes cyder and perry;
But Plautus and Terence, both wealthy and able,
Have taken friend Congreve to wait at their table.

Behn, Manley, Centlivre, I found in the stocks,
It seem'd they'd purloin'd the Muses' foul smocks;
By washing and scouring, they are now forc'd to live,
No wonder, poor devils, they sought thus to thrive.

Johnny Crown keeps a raree show, Farquhar's a sutler,
And Horace has made Matthew Prior his butler.
Nat Rowe waits on Sophocles, has a good place on't,
But Hughes still is poor, though he puts a good face on't.
Tom Durfey sings ballads and cobbles old shoes,
And honest Dick Steele runs about with the news.

Here are more, but so ragged, so poor and so sad,
'Twere a shame you should know, their condition's so bad.
As for me, I am just advertis'd to be let,
So what will become of me, cannot tell yet.
I can rhyme, comb a wig, shave, pick up a w...,
And few of the moderns I think can do more.
When once I am settled, I'll write you again,
Till then your old friend, honest Dick, I remain.

—

PARODY OF SHAKESPEARE.

.....How crowd the numbers to yon bark!
There will we go and let the sound of money
Chink in our ears; such bustle at high noon
Delight, the griping trade of usury;
Look at the notes; see how the heavy desks
Are thick o'er laid with *eagles* of bright gold:
There's not the lowest clerk, whom we behold,
But in his station like an angel talks!
Still issuing out the cash to keen-eyed claimants,
Such glee is in receiving dividends;
But, while these humble cots of Poverty
Do vilely close *us* in, we cannot share them,
Come, ho! and "in a new attempt to please"
What duteous touches pierce your grandam's ear
To draw out from her stock; for what the poets—
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,
Is nought to bills made payable at sight.
The man that hath no money in his purse
Nor cannot meet with credit, on his name—
Is fit for *treasons, mobs, equality;*
The motions of his spirit are sly as theft
And his affections dark as treachery—
Let no such man be trusted.——

Merchant of Venice.

EPIGRAM

ON THE LATE ELOPEMENT OF LADY SPENCER WITH THE REV. MR. N.

Mr. N—— is a man of some note
Then why at his cloth take offence, Sir?
If no one would be in his *coat*,
We all of us wish for his *Spencer*.

PUBLISHED FOR
THE EDITOR & ELIZABETH DICKINS,
BY WILLIAM FRY,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.
H. MAXWELL, PRINTER.